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**THE PASSING OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE**

JULY 13, 1910

BY MARIE BATTERHAM LINDESAY

GIVE her a quiet funeral,  
With a squad of soldiers now,  
Such her request, so oft expressed,  
To which the millions bow—  
Honor her nurses in every land,  
Men and women who understand.

Back through the years to the bitter days,  
When we fought the Russian Bear,  
Lying low, in mem'ry's glow,  
For few indeed are here  
Who can call to mind that time of dread,  
Scutari's horrors and miles of dead.

Honor her nurses in every clime,  
Who turn from no mortal woe,  
Whose hands have the gift to bear and to lift,  
Where the painful hours go slow.  
Remember her there in that turmoil dread,  
An Angel of Love, by Mercy led.

So lay her to rest in her quiet grave,  
Afar from the jar and the din,  
Of the aisles of the great, where said mem'ries wait,  
The mighty Fane within;—  
And, honor her women, in every land,  
And soldiers, too, who will understand.

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I AM glad and proud to be of those who eat their bread in the sweat of their own brows, and not the sweat of other men's brows: I think my bread is the sweeter for it.

W. D. HOWELLS